WILL BE AN EXODUS FROM THE CABINET

Several Members of McKinley's Official Family to Go.

PLACE FOR MR. CARTER

MONTANA MAN MAY GO INTO INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

(Special Correspondence.)
Washington, March 6.—The expected happened when President McKinley sent to the senate the nominations of the embers of his cabinet who had served under his first administration.

members of his cabinet who had served under his first administration.

As has heretofore been stated in Washington letters to this paper, it was the intention of the president to renominate John Hay, secretary of state; Lyman J. Gage, secretary of the treasury; Eilhu Root, secretary of war; John Williams Griggs, attorney general; Charles Emery Smith, postmaster general; Ethen Allen Hitchcock, secretary of the interior; James Wilson, secretary of the department of agriculture.

It is well understood, of course, that very few of the men nominated will remain in Major McKinley's cabinet during his second term. Several of them, at least, have consented to serve him until ne can decide upon the men he will appoint to fill the vacancies which will very shortly occur. Attorney General Griggs was analous to leave the government services March 4. At the urgent solicitations of the president and members of the cabinet, the New Jersey statesman consented to remain at the head of the department of justice for about a month longer. His resignation is save to come before May it and the prospects now point to the selection of F. C. Knox of Pittsburg for the attorney generalship.

It is understood that the president is not disposed to forego his intendent of a few weeks ago to make Mr. Knox, his old time friend, a member of his cabinet. Western congressmen are not disposed to look favorably upon the president's choice for his new attorney general, but it is not believed that if the nomination goes to the senate there will be serious opposition to the president's appointee.

Gage Will Go, Too.

Gage Will Go. Too.

Secretary Gage is also pretty certain to retire as the head of the treasury department in the near future. It is further understood that Secretary Long will not remain at the head of the navy department, nor will Mr. Hay as secretary of state. It is thought that if Mr. Hay resigns, the present secretary of war, Mr. Root, will succeed him. In the event that George D. Meiklejohn is not elected as one of the senators from Nebraska, he will be promoted from the assistant secretary-ship to become the actual head of the war department. Mr. Meiklejohn, having served four years as assistant secretary would, of course, be able to take up the work as secretary in a satisfactory way to the president and the department in general. Up to this time little has been heard as to the probable successor to Secretary of the Navy John D. Long.

If Mr. Hitchcock desides, as it is said etary Gage is also pretty certain to

has been heard as to the probable successor to Secretary of the Navy John D. Long.

If Mr. Hitchcock desides, as it is said that he will, to resign as secretary of the interior, there is a possibility that Thomas H. Carter of Montana, the man who talked thirteen consective hours in order to kill the river and habor bill in the senate, will be appointed as secretary of the interior. Mr. Carter, it will be recalled, was commissioner of the general land office under the Harrison regime. He is an able lawyer and it would probably be impossible for the president to make a better selection. Mr. Carter is popular in the senate and house and also how one of the best known politicians in the Republican party.

It is thought that it was at the request of President McKinley that Carter made his thirteen-hour talk in the senate in order to prevent a \$50,000,000 appropriation, carried in the river and harbor bill, being sent to him for approval or discipnoscial.

ing sent to him for approval or discp proval. J. S. VAN ANTWERP.

CREW IN IRONS.

Sailors on the British Steamer Camperdown Mutiny.

York, March 10.-The British steamer Camperdown arrived this more steamer Camperdown arrived his mora-ing from Cuban ports, sugar-laden, with twelve of her crew in irons. Instead of proceeding to her dock, after leaving quarantine, she dropped anchor off the statue of liberty, and Captain Smith sent for the police boat patrol. When the pa-trol steamed up alongside of the Camper-down the police found the men in irons sharped with mutiny. Six of the prischarged with mutiny. Six of the prisoners were firemen and six seamen. The patrol transferred the prisoners to shore and they were taken in patrol wagons to a police station, where they arrived in hanocuffs.

hanocuffs.

The Camperdown, while on a voyage from Cuba to New York, grounded on Cape Lookout shoals, off the North Carolina coast on March 4. She was gotten off two days afterward without assistence or difficulty and apparently unin-

When Captain Smith gave orders for the steamer to proceed to her destination, part of her crew refused to obey the order, but offered no violence. The British consul was notified this afternoon that the men were locked up in the Church street station, and it is probable that they will be taken before a United States commissioner tomorrow.

HELD UNDER BONDS.

Man Who Swindled Prominent University Professors.

New York, March 10.-President Seth Low of Columbia university, General T. Low of Columbia university, General T.
L. James, president of the Lincoln National bank; President Daniel C. Gilman, of John Hopkins university of Baltimore, and Secretary William Beebee of Columbia university, were in the police court this morning before Magistrate Pool to prosecute Ross Raymond for swindling. Presidents Low and James and Secretary Beebee told how Raymond, under the name of Professor Sandys, had played a confidence game on them by which he obtained \$200 from the bank. President Gilman testified that the letter which Professor Raymond presented to President Lowe was a forgery.

The technical charges on which Professor Raymond was held are the forging of a check and the Gilman letter, and he was held in \$2000 bond on each one of these charges. Raymond was arrested in New Haven last week for trying to swindle President Hadley of Yale college.

RAIDED BY POLICE.

Many Injured in Suppressing Manifestation Against Jesuits.

lisbon, March 10.-Upon a manifesta tion against the Jesuits by students of the the institution and struck many with swords. Among the wounded are some infaniry and cavairy cadets.

The students have addressed resolutions to the chamber of depaties and house of peers denouncing the police.

Madrid, March 10.—El Heraldo says there have been further anti-Jesuit manifestations in Lisbon and the municipal guard is now patroling the city. Strict censorship is enforced.

Emperor to Prince.

Emperor to Prince.

Berlin, March 19.—To Prince Luitpold, regent of Bavaria, who will complete his 80th year March 12. Emperor William has sent the following dispatch.

"It is with the most painful regret that I am compelled to be absent from you upon the day when you complete your 80th year; but I shall feel near you in spirit with feelings of deepest gratitude. My eldest an must represent me. I begin tell you will what heartfelt pleasure I picture to myself this day your mighty figure, and how, with the loyal Bavarians, and in deed with all Germany. I salute the princely hero in whom the goodness of God preserved to us a distinguished comrade in arms of William the Great, and of whom we hope he will long preserve to us in his present wonderful vigor."

Prince Luitpold in his reply returned fleep thanks, with deep regrets for the terrible occurrence that causes your najesty's absence."

break show a total of twenty-two deaths and 102 ca.es. The Malays gathered today to oppose the removal of a Malay who had been attacked by the disease and of several persons who had come in contact with the victim. The police were overpowered and the persons who had come into contact with the Malay made their escape. In the event of a repetition of this experience it will be necessary to employ an armed force, so that trouble is anticipated.

Six Days' Go-as-you-please. Philadelphia, Pa., March 10.—A six-days' go-as-you-please walking match was begun just after midnight at Industrial hall under the auspices of the Penn Art club. Twenty-four pedestrians started and will attempt to equal the world's record of 623 miles in 142 tours. The management has efferted the world's record of 623 miles in 142 hours. The management has offered 50 per cent of the gate receipts to be divided among the first eight men, providing they make more than 475 miles in the six days. Among the old-timers who toed the scratch were George Noremac, Oscar Hegelman, Frank Hart, Gus Guerrero and Pat Golden.

Charges False Imprisonment. Springfield, Ills., March 10.—Attorney Willis Fairman of Alton, who, in ompany with John L. Beals, was arrested recently and taken to Edwardsville, charged with being an accomplice in the "Invincible Thief" case, has instituted suit for \$50,000 dannages gainst Madison county, alleging false imprisonment, and that he was assaulted by officers on their midnight drive with him from Alton and Edwardsville.

Ultimatum is Sent.

Kingston, Jamaice, March 10.—The government of Jamaice, March 10.—The government of Jamaice, acting on behalf of the British government, has sent a strong protest to the president of Ecuador against the employment of soldiers to compel thousands of laborers from Jamaica to work under the MacDonald syndicate in the construction of the rali-road from Guayaquii to Quito. The protest is almost an ultimatum, as it calls for an immediate discontinuance of the coercive measures.

Russia Wants Support.

London, March II.—It is reported that Russia is seeking the support of the powers in a score to prevent a sudden outbreak in the Ikans, says the Vienna correspondent of 'e Morning Post. She proposes that Servia, Bulgaria and Greece should greatly reduce their armies on condition that the powers give a pledge to protect their independence. It is asserted that the assent of Great Britain and Austria has already been obtained.

Fresno, Cal., March 10.—Gus Lawson f Buffalo and John Lake of New York rode today in a ten-mile motor-paced bicycle race on the Veledrome track. Lake's motor cycle broke in the second mile, and Lawson continued to ride in violations of the rules, and finished in 18:42. At the finish several of the riders got into a quarrel over the race, which resulted in a free-for-all fight.

Confessed to Murder.

Berlin, March 11.—A non-commis-ioned officer named Oliver, who recently committed suicide at Gumbinnen, ieft a letter confirming that he was the murderer of Captain von Kronsigk, who was killed at Gumbinnen last Janvary by a shot through a window, while he was drilling his men in a rid-

Cashier is Located.

Niles, Mich., March 10.—The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Cashier Charles A. Johnson of the First National bank, has been cleared up. Mrs. Johnson tonight returned from Chicago, where she says her husband is ill at the home of his brother-in-law. The officers of the bank are satisfied that her story is true. They say that a search of the bank books shows that not a dollar is missing.

Only Concerned Nebraska. Lincoln, Neb., March 10.—R. B. Schneider. national committeeman from Nebraska, today denied that the conference of Senator Hanna, Henry C. Payne and himself in New York on Thursday in any way related to the interests of any senatorial candidate. "We simply considered methods to end the deadlock in Nebraska," he said.

Opposed to Amalgamation.

Chicago, March 10.-The Chicago building material traces council today indorsed the attitude of the Chicago Federation of Labor in its opposition to the proposed amalgamation plan of the American Federation of Labor, as enunciated at the Louisville conven-

Threaten to Strike.

Toledo, O., March 10.-The Carpenters' union of this city, with a men bership of 1,000, have made a demand for 30 cents an hour and an eight hour day. They announce that the new schedule must go into effect May 1 or they will strike

Death of Railroad Man.

Chicago, March 11.—Charles Kennedy, assistant general passenger agent of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad, died at an early hour this morning in St. Luke's hospital. Two weeks ago he underwent a difficult surgical operation.

Diaz Going to Mexico City.

Mexico City, March 10.—The Official Gazette, published by the government, announces that President Diaz will return here within a fortnight, to preside over the cabinet session which opens next month. The president is steadily gaining in health.

Pay Tribute to Dead Senator. Pittsburg, Pa., March 10 .- Fully 20. on persons paid tribute to the late Senator McGee today by viewing his remains as they lay in state at his flate home, "The Maples." between the hours

The funeral will take Captain Paddock Dead.

Washington, March 10.—The war department today received word of the death of Captain Richard 3. Paddock of the Sixth cavalry, at Tien Tsin, China, yesterday, from pneumonia. Captain Paddock was appointed to the army from Illnois in October, 1884.

Bobs Declines the Honor. Berlin. March 10.—It is reported in court circle that Earl Roberts "thankfully re-turned" to Emperor William the insignia of the order of the Black Fagle, conferred at the time of the kaiser's visit to Eng-land, noticing the unfavorable comment

in the press upon the bestowal of the Mob Was After Him.

Riot Against Tax.

Madrid. March 10.—During a riot against the octroi tax last evening the mob stoned the municipal employees engaged in collecting the tax and upset fire to ten sentry boxes. Four persons were injured, one of them seriously. Order was finally restored.

Want Strike to Stop. Marseilles, March 11 .- A number of the dock strikers have voted for a cessation of the strike in consequence of the damage to the interests of the

Spanish Gunboat Ashore. Madrid, March 10.—The Spanish gunbo Ponce de Leon is ashore near Huelv about fifty miles southwest of Seville.

Kaiser's Wound Healing Berlin, March 16.—Emperor Williams wound is healing, the swelling of the eye-lids is subsiding and his majesty's gen-eral condition is satisfactory.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Plague at Cape Town.

ape Town. March 10.—The official rets regarding the progress of the bule offigue in Cape Town since the outle offigue in Cape Town since the out-

Policeman Goes Gunning After Green-eyed Ghost.

A green-eyed spook holding highjinks in the inky darkness of the Kenyon garret caused a sensation at the
hotel last night and almost frightened
the youthful elevator boy, who discovered the ghost, out of seven years'
growth. Some of the hotel employees
bravely volunteered to go and capture
the ghostly reveler, but the black gartent dight look good to them and they

ret didn't look good to them and they returned and declared that they "couldn't see anything anyhow." A big policeman with his gun and club was called in to capture the ghost, but even he could not find the spook.

Built on the rafters of the garret is a place where some old furniture and various things are stored, making an

PARIS' CAFE PLOTTERS.

Exiles From Many Lands Meet in the City by the Seine to Conspire Over Their Coffee.

BY STEPHEN AUSTIN.

PARIS, March 9.—This city by the Seine is the main rendezvous of exiles; it has been so from the day when the great Dante, driven out of Florence, fled here to nurse his tragic hate. Every European who has got in trouble with the powers that be in his own land naturally gravities hitherward to the big, gay city all panting with intellectual life, where he is sure to meet many of his own similarly situated countrymen to conspire with, and whence he can at a moment's notice take train or boat back to his country when things are ripe for a fresh reveal the surface of the sublime porte. Many of the most prominent members of the Armenian "Haik" society foregather in a musical cafe, the Taverne Muller, in the grim shadow of the Pantheon, where, to the light strains of the "Blue Danube," or of "Traviata," the Armenian leaders, the Tchobagians, Elmassians and Doritor-choorians, lay their mines for the liberation of their remote mountain lands and for the avenging of their thousands of massacred fellow countrymen.

Those Parisian exiles for whom "Koscziusko fell," to-wit., the Poles, have necessarily to wage a triple war. Some of them are German subjects, some are under the Knout of Russia,

DARIS, March 9.—This city by the and be friends in the common action

and whence he can at a moment's notice take train or boat back to his country when things are ripe for a fresh revolutionary effort. Every really up-to-date guide book to this city should have a chapter devoted to the "Plotting-Places of Paris." These are mostly cafes, where sit the exiles of many lands, weaving over beer stained tables deadly combinations against the tyrants at home.

The waiter at the Cafe Soufflot in the Latin quarter points out to you, if he feels communicative, a dark lazy-



ing young men. To the waiter he is a

ersonage.
"That," says the functionary proudly,
"is Monsieur Sidi-Ben-Hassan Bey. He
is the chief of the Syrian branch of
the young Turks. Those are his lieutenants and his two secretaries there
with him. They come here every night
to conspire."
That Cafe Soufflot is a noted render-

That Cafe Soufflot is a noted rendezyous of Orientals. One sees there as many wearers of the fez as ordinary silk-hatted citizens; and it is rare not to find a certain proportion of the clients arrayed in gorgeous robes from different parts of the lands of the rising sun. The newspapers kept for the customers are printed in some five or six of the languages, whose characters look to the uninstructed eye like the trail of a light footed spider. It is just because this is a noted habitat of Orientals that it is used as the hatching ground of political cabals. Why? Sidi-Ben-Hassan Bey shall give you the

"We come here because we are pracwe come here because we are practically lost among a nightly crowd of some 200 persons. Of course, we, the chiefs, are known to the sultan's spies, who abound in Paris. But we often have business instructions to communicate and seem to the control of the contro nicate and reports to receive with members of our party, who are not yet known. They pass in here unobserved among so many eastern people, and we seize a favorable moment for handing them or receiving from them any do ument necessary to our affairs. It is done in a second, and no one observes. If we, who are so well known and watched, met them on the streets Terre Haute, Ind., March 10.—Charles
Rogers, in a jealous quarrel, shot and
books of the Yildiz Kiosk. That would fatally injured his wife and step-father-in-law, William E. Bates, to-night. He later gave himself up and was taken to Indianapolis to escape mob violence. That would increase our difficulties tenfold; for no one who has been seen talking to any of us leaders would be allowed to en-ter any Turkish frontier. His full de-scription and a fanciful history of his

scription and a fanciful history of his doings would reach the authorities ahead of him, and he would be at once stripped of his papers and thrown into prison for an indefinite time."

The different countries which furnish recruits to the strong and extensive "Young Turkish" revolutionaries make their headquarters in several cafes at various ends of the city. The quiet and respectable Cafe Cardinal on the Boulevard des Italiens is a meeting place for the two or three supreme place for the two or three supreme heads of the organization, the men who know the ramifications of the whole movement, but who do little or no active work, guiding the whole from a distance, and leaving propaganda and the daily grind of clerical business to younger men. When one begins to understand how enormous in Paris alone is the organization of intrigue

looking young man who smokes innu-merable cigarettes and chats in a bored way with other dark, lazy-look-similate their rejuctant Polish subsimilate their reluctant Polish sub-

"Pat's" was the remarks of all kinds of Gael men, and members of all kinds of desperate little societies that split off from these or hung on upon their outskirts. Many a desperate plot was arranged in the little curtained recess at the right end of the room; many a the right end of the room; many a the right end of the room; many a the hall, brandishing a dagger and threatening to kill him. But the waiter escaped him, and, as Rustin was spendence of the room. skirts. Many a desperate properties of the right end of the room; many a brave "boy" left that place to take ship for Dublin, bringing secret documents to the "home-leaders," or guns for a hoped-for "rising." There is no Irish-American" of any Irishman or "Irish-American" of any Irishman or "strengeret history of At the theatres his conduct, while quiet, was still eccentric. He invariably the row of seats and then land league men of the 40's, that has not passed into that little recess and talked Ireland to the fumes of "Old Pat's" curious whisky. John O'Mahony of Chicago and New York, and John his re Boyle O'Reilly of Boston, two American journalists and literateurs well known in their day, insisted that plotting at Pat's should be done as much as possible in Irish, to safeguard con-spirators against English spies. Many Americans never suspected of speaking anything but good "United States" would be convicted of an excellent fluency in Gaelic if those walls were phonographs. phonographs.

There was a curious scene at "Old Pat's" several years ago. Mr. Arthur Balfour, the nephew of Lord Salisbury, who was then the incarnation in the Emerald Isle of the rigid, repressive measures of England, and was held in murderous detestation by the people was once brought to visit the "Irish-American bar" as one of the curiosities American bar as one of the curiostates of Paris. The first man he saw, at a little table near the door, was Mr. William O'Brien, whose shaven hair had not yet had time to grow since he came not yet had time to grow since he came out of prison, where Mr. Baifour himself had sent him under the coercion act. The English visitor made a hasty salute and passed along. At a little distance down the room he nearly fell into the arms of Mr. Michael Davitt, who, at the very moment, was wanted by the "Balfour police" on a coercion writ, which had forced the Mayo patriot over the straits. Had the Briton ventured a little further he would have alone is the organization of intrigue against the present regime in Turkey, one is astonished that the fabric remains intact. It would almost seem as if tyranny and bad government grows fat and strong the more it is conspired against.

There seems to be some jealousy, or at any rate, a distinct lack of sympathy between the "Young Turks" and the revolutionary Armenians. Some of the revolutionary Armenians. Some of the revolutionary Armenians. Some of the cleaders of the one are leaders of the other, but the rank and file of each do not appear at all anxious to kiss

King Milan of Servia used to hold his highly un-kingly revels. Milan loved English ale and Scotch whisky. When he had imbibed generously of both in turn he used to hold forth with eloquence on his doings and on the unfilial conduct of his "usurping son," and called upon all who happened to be there to join him in seeing justice done to a dethroned king and an unhappy father. Sometimes he would conclude his inccherent orations with a happy father. Sometimes he would conclude his inccherent orations with a request for the loan of half a dollar to go on with. It is a fact that he often ran absolutely out of cash through his reckless extravagance, though he had a princely allowance from the private purse of his son, the king, as well as from the Servian house of parliament. Lots of people "lent" him the half dollar or the 20 francs he happened to ask for; there is always a certain satisfaction in having a king among your lar or the 20 francs he happened to ask for; there is always a certain satisfaction in having a king among your creditors. Milan, of course, never paid. Sometimes, for a joke, some one would remind him of the debt: "Sire, I had the honor of lending your majesty half a doilar last week." The ex-king would draw himself up with a drunken dignity: "Sir, you forget yourself. Sir, you do not know to whom you are talking. I am a king, sir; and a king never borrows money." If his creditor insisted, Milan's wrath was sublime. He once said to Mr. Clifford Millage, the correspondent of the London Chronicle, who was taking a rise out of his drunken majesty: "Millage, you have been my friend; I would like to have been from this day. Thank your fates that I do not wield the power of my ancestors. They would not have suffered this insult!" His majesty sublimely forgot that his grandfather, the first Obrenovitch, had been a herder, tending pigs and cows on the Servian mountain slower.

tending pigs and cows on the Servian mountain slopes.

The English bar has, all the same, seen some real conspiring. Milan was quite often sober about midday, and it was in the lunch room, over the English it was in the lunch room, over the English food he liked so much, that he met the discontented or disgraced officers and the intriguing deputie of the "Sobranoje," through whose efforts he hoped to dispossess his son and revenge himself upon Queen Natalie.

The Grand cafe on the Boulevard des Capucines, just under the Hotel Scribe, where President Kruger put up during his triumphant visit to Paris, has long been a house of call for European

been a house of call for European chiefs of the Transvaal republics. Doctor Leyds, the young and active Boer plenipotentiary to the European powers, was generally to be found at this cafe between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evenings, when he was not at Brussels of filling a temporary commission to or filling a temporary commission to some foreign court. I have often seen him taking his appetizer at a table Just by the window, talking the while to the members of his staff, who counted on finding him there, or to sympa-thizers with the Boer cause. It was here he made arrangements with the American and Irish pro-Boers, who were sending volunteers to aid the dar-

American and Irish pro-Boers, who were sending volunteers to aid the daring farmer soldiers.

There is in Paris a little circle of the exiled adherents of Don Carlos, who hope one day to aid him in snatching the crown from the head of the boy king of Spain. These exiled grandees are, truth to tell, rather a shabby lot, though they are all dukes or marquises at the very least. "Carlism" does not seem to agree with them. At the little eating house off the Avenue del Opera, where they meet to play cards, and presumably to do a little conspiracy, their dinner bills do not represent a fortune to the proprietor. They seem generally to dine on a bowl of soup (strongly flavored and "scented" with garlic) and a great chunk of bread per man. But if their bill of fare is not extensive and their cuffs show frayed edges, their manners are those of courts. They salute each other like kings and they offer you a cup of bad coffee as if they were presenting you with Tokay in a golden vase. Always before breaking up their nightly card party they solemnly drink to "King Carlos and his right." Poor, ragged dukes and grandees; there is something charmingly pathetic in their unwavering fidelity.

STEPHEN AUSTIN.

GOLD BRINGS NO JOY. Odd Ways in Which Four Men Spent

Their Fortunes. Four men in the world have recently she had drifted.

Dawson was despected in demanstrating the fact that the mere possession of money is by no means happiness One of them is said to be dead on the field of battle, where he fell in the garb of an officer of the fanatic Mahdi. One is throwing his wealth about the streets of Europe, so that his sons may not inherit it. One is seeking the woman whom he loved in his youth and poverty, and cannot find her. And the fourth, having dissipated his fortune in gambling, ow works in a stable.

similate their reluctant Polish subjects. Wherever there are a few thousand Poles in a town the administration rapidly falls into their hands and the local "acts" are couched in the Polish language. The Paris committee of the "Sons of Koscziusko," which meets weekly at the Cafe Napolitain, is making the digestion of their countrymen increasingly difficult to every power that controls a concentrated Polish population.

Hundreds of Americans know every corner of a certain long, low-roofed bar room within a stone's throw of the fashionable and stately Church of the Madeleine. This is "Old Pat's," though Pat Reynolds himself is now dead. "Pat's" was the rendezvous of extreme Irish revolutionists, Fenians, Clan-na-Gael men, and members of all kinds of desperate little societies that split off from these or hung on more their with the daministration would be the habitues of a London hotel on the Thames embankment were startled by the appearance of a small, dark man, whose clothing and linen were studded with purple diamonds, and who rarely spoke to any one. He seemed to possess boundless means, and devoted himself chiefly to theatres and billiards. His acquaintances of the billiard table he ignored everywhere else. While generally considered a foreigner, his family considered as small, dark man, whose clothing and linen were studded with purple diamonds, and who rarely spoke to any one. He seemed to possess boundless means, and devoted himself chiefly to theatres and billiards. His acquaintances of the billiard table he ignored everywhere else. While generally considered a foreigner, his family considered as stable.

It is but three years or such a matter since the habitues of a London hotel on the thousand the Thamber embankment were startled by the appearance of a small, dark man, whose clothing and linen were studded with purple diamonds, and who rarely spoke to any one. He seemed to possess boundless means, and devoted himself chiefly to theatres and billiards. His acquaintances of the billiard table he ignored e

bought an entire row of seats and then occupied them alone. He always sat in the center seat and eyed with a flerce glare any one who, inadvertently or otherwise, seemed to be about to enter

At billiards he was an expert, but he At billiards he was an expert, but he never bet, nor would he listen to any one who talked of betting. At the end of each game he invariably gave the man who kept the zeore, known in England as the "billiard-marker," a sixpence—provided he lost. When he won the marker got nothing.

Thus Rustin lived for several months, no one knowing, nor any venturing to inquire, whence he came, who he was

inquire, whence he came, who he was, what he was. Nor did he vouchsafe any information upon the subjects. One day he appeared at the office of the hotel and asked for his bill. "I leave today," he remarked. The bill paid, Rustin's effects were loaded into a cab and he went to the station. It was learned that thence he took the train for Southampton. At South-ampton he boarded a magnificent yacht that lay in waiting in the harbor, and sailed away.

That was the last London ever saw of Rustin. But later, when one of those who had known him in London was wandering over the battlefield of Omdurman, the day after Kitchener's ma chine guns had mowed down the Dervishes, Rustin's body, clad in the white uniform of an Emir, was found lying near the front of the battle line.

dying day over Mr. Balfour's comically rueful face on this occasion.

Another English-speaking bar at which conspiracy—of a kind—has been played is the well known house in the Rue de la Chaussee D'Antin, where, two or three years ago, the late ex-King Milan of Servia used to hold his highly un-kingly revels. Milan loved English ale and Scotch whisky. When he had imbiled generously of both in discovery of his remains in the Soudan But the most curious part follows.

Ghost Apeared at Osborne. On the day when Queen Victoria died at Osborne, in the Isie of Wight, when the gates were closed to all but the family, and guardsmen stood at the gate, a small, dark man appeared and walked past the guard, who seemed not to notice him. He entered the gate. Five minutes afterward the fiag on the castle fell to half-mast. Those who saw the small, dark man aver he was Rustin.

Strict orders have been issued to

Strict orders have been issued to make no reference to the occurrence, but it leaked out, nevertheless, and, of course, is generally ridiculed? Still, the mystery remains, who was Rustin?

In New York City the name of George Bell is synonymous of wealth. Those who know him say he is worth \$20,000,000.

That is, he was worth \$20,000,000, but he is rapidly getting rid of it. Some years ago Bell conceived a violent dislike for his two sons. One of them, the elder, he is said to have had reason to dislike. The younger took his mother's part in some family quarrel, and Bell now hates both sons impartially.

tially.

Bell, determined that his sons should ardered his

Bell, determined that his sons should not succeed to his wealth, ordered his lawyers to draw up a will leaving his property to the state. The lawyers drew the will, but they advised Bell that it would not stand under a contest and as a contest was certain, Bell resorted to other methods to accomplish his ends.

Last year, at the age of 68, he estimated that he had but five years to live, and that to rid himself of his money he would have to spend or otherwise dispose of \$4,000,000 a year. His first move was to take passage to Liverpool, where he attracted attention by flinging money into the streets, that the crowds might scramble for it. Gold, bank notes, rare coins, all these were tossed about, and gamins and well-dressed persons alike flung themselves upon one another in the wild efforts to get what Bell threw away. Then he varied the monotony by giving a little girl in the street a violing

forts to get what Bell threw away. Then he varied the monotony by giving a little girl in the street a violin valued at \$3,000, which the little girl's parents as promptly sold for \$2,700. The violin was an old Stradivirius that Bell had bought in the morning. The incident attracted the attention of the police. Bell was arrested, but quickly demonstrated that he was entirely sane, and it became necessary to release him.

lease him.

From Liverpool Bell went to London, where his 'lavish expenditures, or more exactly, his eccentric throwing away of money, created a sensation equal to that in Liverpool. He made a furore by purchasing treasures of antique furniture and giving them to the most casual acquaintances, or even to

casual acquaintances, or even to strangers. Again the police intervened, but, as in Liverpool, without effect.

Tiring of London, Bell went to Paris, which city is now enjoying the sensation of having money thrown at it. In Paris his fad takes the form of purchasing rare china which he bestow. chasing rare china, which he bestows upon the first passer-by at the shop where the particular purchase happens to be made. Limoges ware is his favorite, and families who had never known anything better than enameled ware are now wondering what to do with plates worth \$50 apiece.

Years ago George Dawson lived a oor lad in a Yorkshire village in Engpoor lad in a Yorkshire village in England. The family had scarce enough to keep soul and body together, yet Dawson fell in love. The object of his affections was Sybil Lake, who was the neighborhood beauty. Her parents were as poor as Dawson's. Dawson saw that while he remained in England there was no hope of his bettering his condition or of marrying the girl of his choice. So one day he went. girl of his choice. So one day he went away on foot. At Hull he found a steamer about to sail for India. By some means he boarded the steamer just as she was about to sail. Whether he was a stowaway or had arranged to work his passage is not known. At all events he reached India. There fortune seemed to shy at him.

For years he almost starved, and it seemed to him he would be no better off than he had been in England. He determined not to write to Sibyl Lake until he could tell her of fortune abroad -in his favor, of course—because he could not have been worse off.

Dawson drifted about in India until he reached Burmah. There a tin mine made him rich, almost in a day. He

hurriedly sold out and returned to England. There he rushed to the York-shire village of his youth to seek Sybil Lake, but she was gone. Her parents were dead, and no one knew whither

the photograph of Sybil Lake, taken in the days of their youth—now twelve years gone. With this as his only clew years gone. With this as his only clew he set about his search over England. Detectives were engaged to find her, every photograph gallery in the United Kingdom was searched, every city pla-carded with advertisements offering rewards for information as to her where-abouts. Two years have thus elapsed. Still the search goes on, a battered, weather-beaten, haggard man haunting the streets and detective agencies in search of his lost love. Of wealth he has an abundance—of happiness none. \bullet \bullet \bullet

Lieutenant Fredericks was a subaltern in a British regiment stationed in India. He was poor and lived on his pay. One day there came a legacy from England. A small legacy, to be sure, only £200, but it was ready money, or ready money he had had but

Lieutenant Fredericks went to the races at Poonan. He had the £200 in his pocket, and he scanned the lists at the betting stalls, determined to keep

the money in his pocket.

But something whispered to him:
"Bet on Bendigo!" The odds on Bendigo
were a hundred to one, and no one at the race track imagined that the horse had the slightest chance of winning. There was much surprise, therefore, when young Lieutenant Fredericks went to the bookmaker and placed his entire legacy on Bendigo. But the book-makers smiled. It was like finding The race was run. Every one was

astounded. Bendigo had won. Young Lieutenant Fredericks now had £20.000 (\$100,000). With that sum his wagers grew heavier; yet he almost always won. Then, when he had grown rich. Frederick resigned his commission and went to London.

There he continued betting. But his label description.

luck had deserted him. The half-million pounds he had brought to England dwindled rapidly. Half of it he lost on a single race, when Baron Hirsch's La Fleche was defeated by Sir Hugo for the Derby.

With the remains of his once great fortune in his pockets, young Fred-ericks, now somewhat aged by his reverses, returned to India to gather up again the thread of his former luck. But luck eluded him. One year after his return the last sovereign left his

pockets.

Forced to earn a living, he now acted as stable chief, or trainer, to a wealthy Hindoo in a northwestern province. "Frederick's luck" was once a by-word in India. Today he is a broken man, glad to work for his keep and £4 a month. Two years ago £4 would scarcely have paid his cigar bills for a week.

WORK OF THE ROYCROFTERS. Elbert Hubbard, Editor, Tells the Way Things Go at the Shop.

(Philadelphia Telegraph. The Roycroft Shop is an accident, resulting from a joke. The particular joke was to print a pamphlet or two, Joke was to print a pamphlet or two, and say a few things about people the author did not especially admire. The people the author did not especially admire were magazine publishers and newspaper managing editors. The reason the author did not like these people was because they respeatfully declined his MS., and sent back Ms verses with great regularity.

The business grew until it was thought best to build a special building so the work could all be done under one roof. So a little building was planned and built alongside of the author's house. This was to be the "shop," and it was built like an old English chapel. To be exact, the old church at Grasmere, where Wordsworth lies buried, was taken as a model.

The Roycroft Shop now employs 175 people. These people live in the village, or are farmers' boys and girls who live within a few miles of town. For the most part the workers are plain tolks who have never traveled nor had the advantages of literary or artistic the advantages of literary or artistic associations. Some have had trouble at school and been expelled, others are said to be deficient mentally and morally, and some possibly have had their names written in contract.

names written in penitentiary commitment papers—what boots it?
It must not be imagined, however, that the Roycroft Shop is a reform school, or in any sense a philanthropic venture that gives employment to the people who live in the village of East Aurora.

The Roycroft experiment has taught

its founders several lessons, som which might be named as follows: which might be named as follows:
First—As the quest is more than the achievement, so is the making of the thing more than the owning it.
Second—All young people like to make things with their own hands, and when they discover they can do something really useful, they are very hanny.

happy.

Third—No one knows what he can do until he tries. Some of the most skilled workers at the Roycroft declared they had no aptitude for certain work, but beginning at the simple they worked gradually up to the complex without

gradually up to the complex without knowing it.

Fourth—"Bad people" are good people who have misdirected their energies.

Fifth—The mad rage of manufacturers in America to make things cheap has, to a degree, been a mistake. There are a great many people who want things beautiful, substantial and unique, and who will pay the price.

Sixth—Froebel theories and kindergarten methods carried into manhood and applied to manufacturing is very good policy.

THOUGHT HE WAS STABBED. Uninjured Negro Declared He Was

Bleeding to Death. The Exchange saloon on State street was the scene of a lively row in colored circles early this morning, in which one negro sustained a badly battered nose and the other a kniff cut in his overcoat that came near rip ping more than cloth. The principals in the affair were "Big Bob" Robinson, a tamale vendor, and J. A. Wilbur, a

about a game of cards, the colored men say, but the bartender at the sa-loon declares that no game was going on there.

According to the story as told by the

According to the story as told by the two men, they had some misunder-standing and became engaged in a heated argument. Words led to more words until, it is claimed, Bob suddenly let his fist fly in the direction of Wilbur's face and Wilbur went to the floor. He arose with a knife in his hand and made a rush at his antagonist, but the bartender-claims that he rushed in and disarmed Wilbur before he made a slash at Bob. Bob declared that Wilbur did swing the knife at him and a long rent in the latter coat shows where a sharp instrument came near going to the flesh. Bob, it is declared, rushed at Wilbur again after they had been parted by the bartender, and knocked him down the second time and then ran out of the saloon. He met Officer Paimer and declared that he had been carved all to pieces and that he was bleeding to death. The officer hurried him off towards a doctor while he ran to the saloon after the wielder of the knife. He learned in

officer hurried him off towards a doctor while he ran to the saloon after the wielder of the knife. He learned in the saloon that Bob was the aggressor in the affair and as all those who saw it declared that Wilbur was not to blame, he was allowed to go.

The officer then went in search of Bob, but found that he had disappeared. He was seen as he passed the police station, and an examination showed that he had not sustained any injury. Wilbur declared that he was Wilbur declared that he going to swear out a complaint against Bob today.

The Dixie Still in the Mud.

in charge of the training ship Dixie, which has been stranded in the mud in the Potomac river ever since shortly before inauguration day, expect to pull her off in a day or two. Is Now a Bankrupt.

Birmingham, Ala., March to .- M. W. Howard, who while a member of con

gress from this state, wrote a book en-titled "If Christ Came to Congress," has filed a petition in bankruptcy; lia-bilities, \$10,827; assets, \$796. Grieg Still Alive.

London, March 11.—There is no fur-ther foundation for the rumor of the death of M. Eduard Greig, the Norwe-gian composer. The report regarding the condition of his health, however, Quarter of a Million Fire.

New York. March 10.—The building owned and occupied by the New York & Hartford railway-for the general offices of the several departments on Willis avenue, was damaged by fire early this evening. The loss is placed \$250,000. Thirty clerks escaped with difficulty, Countess Acquitted of Arson. Berlin, March 10.—The trial of Countess von Schlieber, accused of having set fire to her own villa in order to obtain the insurance money, which began Friday, ended at 2:39 this morning in a verdict of acquittal. The countess was immediately liberated.

Escaped from Jail.

Sioux City, Ia., March 10.—Charles Stovall, under indictment for the Ma-nila, Ia., express robbery, who escaped from the Denison jail last night, is still at liberty. Tribes in Revolt.

Tiemcen, Algeria, March 10.—The Moroccan tribes in proximity to French territory are in full revolt, and reinforcements have been sent forward. Suicide of a rince.

Berlin, March 10.-Prince Albert Zolme-Braunfels has committed suicide at Waesbep, having learned that the dis-ease from which he was suffering was The Men Burned to Death.

San Francisco, March 10.—Three men and seventy-six head of horses were burned to death this morning in a fire which destroyed Morton's livery stable at Leavenworth and Geary streets. The three men were askeep in the hay loft.

Manchester at Tanderage Castle. Dublin, March 10.—The duke and duchess of Manchester arrived today at Tanderage castle.

To Prevent the Grip, Laxative Brome-Quinine removes the

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 14th, 15th and 16th, The Wonder Millinery Co. will display a beautiful line of imported and domestic millinery novelties No. 20 W. 1st South. Will by to Impeach Gov. Beckham.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)
Louisville, Ky.—According to Senator S. Harrell of Russeiville, Ky., an attempt will be made at the next session of the legislature to impeach Governor Beckham. The charge will be using the pardoning power for gain.

Ladies, do not fail to attend the reception at The Wonder Millinery Store Thursday, Friday and Saturday, venue in the case of the woman.